THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 30, 1806.

Extracts from the Reports of the Committee for relieving the Distresses in Germany.

(Continued from Page 490.)

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. John Gosner, dated Dirlewang, 17th January, 1806.

"I Hasten to reply to your kind letter of the 6th instant. The love and benevolence of those Christian friends, it should seem, prompt them to seek opportunities to do good; they will not seek in vain in my country; they will find an extensive field opened.

"The miseries and sufferings of Ulm you have already heard of; that quarter has undoubtedly suffered most; the pressing distresses and calamities that have fallen on those unhappy inhabitants are indescribable. Two immense armies pressed in so small a space, without magazines, and forming such vast numbers, required a vast supply. Unheard of distress followed. The calamities and sufferings reached the highest pitch. In many districts every thing was consumed or plundered. Clothes, money, utensils, wood, cattle, horses, &c. were forcibly taken, and from many houses even the doors, beams, and every article of timber, for the supply of their watch-fires. A Frenchman, on his return, related the painful sensations felt by him on an occasion when he was forcing the beams of one dwelling, with the poor inhabitants weeping around him. He quitted his attempt; his compassion, however, availed but little;—ten others followed and removed all.

"Not much was suffered at Windelheim, but still sufficient to claim the benevolence of Christian friends. It is true, a

great part of both armies only marched through, (the Austrians staid at first a short time); no battle was however fought, but many were ruined, and the poor reduced to the greatest distress. Many a poor man had 30, 40, 50, and sometimes 100 men quartered upon him, and though this may have been only once the case, or lasted only for one night, still his little stock was consumed. In many places it happened, however, more frequently, and as the soldiers in most houses found nothing, the poor people were dreadfully tormented. Doors, windows, chests, and in fact every thing was knocked to pieces. Whole stacks of unthrashed grain were thrown as straw to the horses, and whatever was not consumed was wantonly destroyed. When the French armies moved forward, the inhabitants had to send supplies after them, and this after the Austrians had conveyed nearly all away. Oh! it was distressing to see the poor farmer forced to carry to the armies, what little he had reaped with anxiety, labour, and hunger, from the last scanty harvest, and in many instances, that little, which from distress, he could not even permit to ripen. The direful effects are only now felt, and will still be increased.

" Let those who have merely heard or read of the prevailing misery, and have not felt it by fatal experience, express gratitude, and hasten to relieve their poor distressed brethren. This is not said to those Christian friends, who have proved by their inquiries, as to the existing calamities, that their love and benevolence are genuine, and that they have a mind similar to the Macedonians, 2 Cor. and 8, who pressingly urged the acceptance of their benevolence and brotherly help.

" I must tell you yet, with gratitude to God, that myself and friends have been mercifully protected during this dreadful storm. The violence and terror which threatened us, were turned aside by the merciful hand of God. The Lord has been so good, that we invite you to join in the praise of the all-ruling power and goodness of him who has confirmed and increased our confidence, by repeated visible and amazing proofs of his mercy and love.

" May the grace, love, and peace of the Lord, be with you, and all friends!"

Translation of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. Herwig, Rector of Esslingen, dated 25th January, 1806.

" One cause for the need of speedy help, is the dreadful and destructive effects of the pestilential putrid fever, that prevails in all the districts that are visited by troops and prisoners. It only reaches the height on the 24th to the 27th day; and but few have been saved under it. Those that are afflicted with it,

it

it is to be considered, have not the means of nourishment. Those freed from its ravages, want the necessary vigour and preservatives, the result only of sufficient sustenance and a contented mind. Add to this, that the passage of troops still continues, and that provisions are rising. I have said sufficient to prove, that the greatest exertion would be a measure of real benevolence and charity towards our neighbourhood, and to serve as an apology for my zeal in its behalf."

[Here was inserted a list of 31 families in the village of Hedelfingen, in Wurtemburg, who have suffered by the distressing effects of the war, under their otherwise penurious circumstances.]

"These families and individuals from No. 1. to 31, reside in the above village, which contains few more than 200 inhabitants able to pay taxes, having very few vineyards, and living nearly altogether by agriculture. Their chief support, Indian corn, is gone by an almost total failure of the crop. These 31 parties suffered very greatly by troops being quartered upon them. In a short time this village had to supply 317 officers, 5542 soldiers, 7176 prisoners, and 800 horses. Their sufferings were so great, exclusive of money, that their little stock of provisions never can last 'till the harvest; most will have consumed their all in a short time. Those more favoured in this respect, are unable to render assistance, as usual; since their losses have also been very great, by means of the great injury and plunder, sustained in their dwellings and land. From 200 to 250 florins will be sufficient to assist the whole 31." The instance of this village may serve as a specimen of the rest.

The London committee rejoice, that 250 florins (about 20l.), were sent by their correspondents to this village, and that the whole of these 31 families have been much relieved.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. George Bruxner, Jun. at Erlangen, January 22, 1806.

"I yesterday received letters from my brother in Vienna, containing the following account:

"*Vienna.*

"With respect to your inquiries, as to the assistance to be rendered to the sufferers in Lower Austria, I can tell you, that as far as my information goes, the number of poor, and of such persons as were formerly in favourable circumstances, may be termed legions. The districts of Krems, Stein, Mautern, Stockerau, Hollabrunn, Mallieben, Znaim and their neighbourhood, have suffered dreadfully. Most of the inhabitants have forsaken their dwellings, nearly all having been burnt, and converted into so many heaps of ruins. They now wander about

in the utmost distress, and are starving. At Witterbach, near Mariazell, the whole place was completely ransacked and plundered; indeed the whole of that neighbourhood suffered extremely. Every day, and indeed every hour, presents objects to my view, who formerly could themselves give, but who now supplicate bread at the doors of others: their whole families dispersed, and the greater part despairing of help, present an awful spectacle as you view them in the extremes of despair, moving in a state of stupor, with their feelings paralized. In most of the above quarters, battles and cannonadings took place. Numbers of men and cattle were killed, who, from the diminished number of inhabitants, have not been buried sufficiently deep; an epidemical disease may therefore be feared towards spring. It prevails awfully already about Olmutz. If the benevolent society would entrust me with a sum, I would act up to their wishes, and to the utmost of my abilities, in distributing help to the most distressed. I have in the mean while taken the necessary steps to obtain information, where that help may be most usefully applied, as well as where it is likely to be sown in the most grateful soil. O, that it may soon arrive!

"In conformity to the general hints, I should call in the aid of clergymen, and of men in public stations of great integrity. I am acquainted, for instance, with the mayor of Krems, an active, worthy, benevolent, and kind man; a man who, in the days of calamity and distress suffered much, but who, nevertheless, did much, and who still continues his exertions to help his fellow creatures. That, as well as other neighbourhoods, suffered greatly by the troops. They beat and trampled, for instance, upon that worthy man. He did not suffer himself, however, to be diverted from his purpose, but remained on his station. I expect him here shortly to give me a verbal detail. He has been delayed hitherto, by the continual passage of French troops, and by the total annihilation of all cattle, horses, oxen, and cows. Good walkers are therefore the only travellers. I most certainly should grant this friend the happiness of becoming distributer in his district. Only enable us to begin the work: it shall be performed with zeal. The distress is great, let me therefore recommend dispatch."

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Domeyer, Mayor of the City of Munden, in the Principality of Calenberg, to the Committee at Hanover, dated January 28, 1806.

"From the end of October last, when the French left us, to the 1st of December, 1200 Russians have been quartered in this little place; whose formidable stomachs, in a very short time,

time, consumed all our small provisions, our potatoes and other vegetables that remained from the last scanty harvest.—Ever since Christmas, (this I certify on my oath, as a magistrate,) a third part of our inhabitants have lived on boiled succory, (a very coarse root,) no other vegetables are to be found in any house. I endeavoured to prolong the lives of the poor inhabitants with Rumford soup; but there is now no public money left; and as I am unable any longer to advance what is most necessary, I entreat you to let us have immediate assistance."

Extract of a Letter from the Right Rev. the Abbot Salfeld, to the Rev. William Kueper, German Chaplain to his Majesty at St. James's, dated Hanover, February 15, 1806.

"I am happy to inform you that our subscription (which was opened in consequence of the recommendation, and with the pecuniary aid of the London committee,) continues to be carried on. Our Hanoverians do certainly what they can; though even if they had not all of them suffered so much, they are unable to equal the wealthy Britons. Yesterday a man, who holds an office under government, and has but a small income to support a large family, delivered his contribution sealed in paper into my hands, desiring me not to mention his name. What was my surprise, when I found 50 dollars. This morning I called on him, and told him, "Friend, you have given me too much, consider that you have a wife and children, and an aged mother to provide for: take part of the money back again." 'No, no,' answered he, 'I have suffered less under the general calamities than many of my fellow-citizens; therefore I feel it a sacred duty to apply for their relief whatever I can save by economy. I must accommodate myself to it.'—A noble-minded man, for whom I always had the highest esteem."

(To be continued.)

Account of Mr. West's grand Historical Picture of the Death of Lord Nelson.

THIS celebrated artist, who has so long maintained the first rank in his profession, and whose historical paintings have not only contributed to form the modern English school, but to establish an æra in the art through the principal academies of Europe, has at length completed the picture, for which, in justice to his well earned reputation and the eminence which he holds in the art, he stood pledged to the public, and his profession.—The pencil which immortalized Wolfe, and British valour,

valour, on the heights of Abraham, could not be expected to do otherwise than commemorate the death of a Nelson, and the most splendid victory which has been ever recorded in the annals of the British navy.

It is a just pride to the nation that we have men amongst us, to whom may safely be confided all the immortality which the arts can bestow upon the splendid actions of our heroes and defenders. A certain French general is said to have lamented, that he lived in an age so barren of literature, that he could not expect even a decent epitaph on his tomb-stone as a compensation for all the laurels he had earned. In the present times there needs no such subject of regret. Poetry perhaps may fail, but the pencil can still perform its task.

The present picture represents the death of Lord Nelson in the memorable victory obtained over the fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar. As this picture will not appear in any exhibition, a description of it may not be unacceptable to the lovers of the art, and the public in general.

The subject of the picture being heroic, the artist has considered it under the head of the epic. He has thus kept the attention constantly fixed upon the hero, and made every thing subsidiary to him. The dying Nelson is exhibited lying upon the quarter-deck of the ship, surrounded by his officers. By this groupe he first acts upon and excites the feelings of the spectators. Here is his hero, and in the language of poetry, his story. The wounded and the dead form the episodes of the piece, and the whole raises a noble climax up to the dying admiral.

The point of time is the death of the hero, and the victory united.

Lord Nelson lies, with his head falling back, on the breast, and in the arms of his chaplain. His face and eyes are elevated to Heaven. His countenance expresses a most resigned and noble piety and dignity, and a consciousness of having done his duty to his king and his country. In the countenance of Nelson, the painter has shewn his powers of exhibiting the most difficult and composite passions with the most natural and tempered correctness. In Nelson there is nothing of affectation; every thing is as simple as was the character of the man; there is a kind of serene and saint-like heroism, the comfort and composure of a dying martyr.—This head can never be too much admired; it would be inestimable if considered only as a portrait of the man; for we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best we ever saw.

The position of Lord Nelson on the quarter-deck, occupies the middle of the picture; he extends his left hand to Captain Hardy, who affectionately presses it to his bosom, whilst he announces, from a paper, the victory over the enemy, and the

number

number of ships taken. The surgeon and his mates are rendering their assistance, whilst an intrepid sailor spreads the Spanish flag at the feet of the dying admiral, and an officer enters at the same time with the French flag under his arm, but starts back, with marked emotion, upon beholding the situation of his commander.

The picture, generally, may be said to consist of two distinct groups. The figures on the left form a group of officers attendant on his lordship; their countenances express a grave and decent sorrow, and are admirably contrasted with the groupe on the right, which consists of sailors flushed with the sounds of victory, but checked by one of the surgeons, who beholds the approach of death in the countenance of Nelson.

Between these figures, all of which are powerfully pourtrayed and contrasted, are groups of sailors carrying the wounded to the cockpit, and others rendering their best tokens of regard to the dead.

One of the smaller groups we can never too much commend; we mean that of the affectionate demeanour of a faithful servant over the dead body of his master, Captain Adair.

At the poop of the ship are stationed the marines and their wounded officers; the signal lieutenant, with his midshipman, and the master of the ship with his navigating seamen. Under the poop are men stationed at a gun, close to which a lieutenant is killed.

In the retiring parts of the picture, and the perspective, are seen all the rage and fury of a sea fight,—ships on fire, others sinking, or blowing up; of some the masts are falling; others are nearly buried in their own ruins.

Here every thing is terrible and awful; here is sublimity in the fulness of its horrors. The groups in this picture are composed of nearly 80 figures, and more than 50 of them are portraits of men and officers actually engaged in the battle.

FRAGMENT.

[From Drake's Literary Hours.]

THE last rays of the setting sun yet lingered on the mountains which surrounded the district of Cuthullin; when Edward de Courtenay, after two campaigns in Flanders, in one of which the gallant Sidney fell, re-entered his native village towards the end of August, 1587. He had lost his father a few months before his departure for the continent, which loss occasioned him the most severe affliction, and induced him to

seek amid the din of arms, a pause from painful recollection. Two grey-headed servants, who had lived for near half a century in the family, received their young master at the gate, and whilst the tears trickled down their withered cheeks, expressed with artless simplicity their joy, and blessed the return of the son of their ancient benefactor.

After some affectionate enquiries, Edward expressed his intention of walking to the abbey of Clunedale, which lay about a mile distant, and spending a few moments over the turf which covered the remains of his beloved parent. Scarcely had he intimated his resolution, when the ghastly paleness which overspread the countenances of his domestics, assured him that something extraordinary was connected with the determination he had adopted; and upon inquiry, his terrified servants informed him, that for some months past, they, and the country round had been alarmed by strange sights and noises at the abbey, and no one durst approach after sun-set. Edward smiled at the superstition of his attendants, and assuring them their alarm was unfounded, he turned down the great avenue to the river, on whose winding banks a pathway led to the abbey.

This venerable structure had been surrendered to Henry the Eighth, and from being partly unroofed was experiencing a rapid decay. It continued however to be a depositary for the dead, and the family of the Courtenays had for some centuries reposed in its vaults. In this ancient cemetry lay the remains of the father of Edward, and hither filial piety conducted the young warrior, as the gathering shades of evening dropped their deep grey tints on all around, where kneeling upon the tomb, he remained for some time absorbed in the tender indulgence of sorrow.—Having closed however his pious petitions, he was rising from the hallowed mould, when a dim glimmering light from amidst the ruins arrested his attention.

Astonished at so singular a phenomenon, the intrepid Edward, with footsteps light as air, moved quickly along the broken pavement into the choir, and perceived a middle-aged man kneeling on a white marble slab, near the great altar, on which were placed a lamp and crucifix: he had round him a coarse black garment bound with a leathern girdle, but no covering on his head, and as the light beamed on his features, Edward was shocked at the despair, that seemed fixed in their expression; his hands were clapsed together, his eyes were turned towards Heaven, and groans as from a spirit in torture seemed to rend his very soul—suddenly drawing an unsheathed sword from beneath his garment, he held it stretched in his hand towards the throne of the Almighty, while his countenance assumed

sumed still deeper marks of horror, and his eyes glared with the lightnings of frenzy.

At this instant Edward deemed it highly necessary to interfere, and was stepping forward with that view, when his purpose was suddenly arrested, by the sound of distant music stealing along the remote parts of the abbey, in notes of soothing and delicious harmony, that seemed to diffuse over the agitated soul of the stranger, the balm of peace; his features became less rigid, his eyes assumed a milder expression, he crossed his arms in meek submission on his bosom, while the tears coursing down his cheeks, bathed the deadly instrument yet beaming in his grasp; this, however, with a heavy sigh he now placed on the altar, and bowing gently forward, seemed to pray devoutly; whilst Edward, in sacred regard to the noblest feelings of humanity, forebore to interrupt the progress of emotions so friendly to virtue and contrition; the music which had gradually breathed fainter and fainter, now died on the ear, and deep silence again pervaded the abbey.

This, however, continued not long, for in a few moments was heard the echo of light footsteps, and Courtenay perceived the form of a young and elegant woman glide rapidly up the choir, towards the spot where the devotee was yet kneeling. The stranger, who had risen at her approach, embraced her with the most affectionate emotion, and both bending on the marble, employed some time in prayer. Edward now saw the cause of those rumours and fears which had been circulated with so much industry in the neighbourhood; and whilst he was reflecting on the cause of so strange an appearance, the objects had risen, and after interchanging looks of mingled gratitude and delight were arm in arm retiring from the sacred marble. Edward eagerly pursued, but too suddenly turning an acute angle to enter the cloisters, and the light streaming faintly on his figure, discovered him to the younger stranger, who uttering a loud shriek, leaned trembling on the arm of her friend. Courtenay rushed forward to allay their apprehensions, by informing them of his name, residence, and motives for visiting the abbey; the man gave him a ghastly scowl, and requesting him to follow, said he would explain what he had seen, and hoped it would be accepted as an apology for the alarm which his appearance had occasioned.

They passed along a large portion of the cloisters, and ascending some steps entered what is termed the dormitory; here in two small chambers, where the roof remained sufficiently entire, were a couple of beds, and a small quantity of neat furniture, and here the stranger invited Edward to enter, and after placing him a chair, he and the lady retired; in a few moments, however, he returned in an elegant military undress, and taking Edward by the hand he requested him to walk down the aisles

of the abbey, observing that the awful gloom would better suit the dreadful tale he had to unfold.

After traversing the mouldering pavement for some time, he exclaimed, " Beneath the marble, on which you saw me kneel with so much horror and remorse, repose the remains of a beloved wife, of the most amiable of her sex, and who owes her death (God of mercy register not the deed !) to the wild suggestions of my jealous frenzy. I am an officer, Sir, and after fighting the battles of my country abroad, under the earl of Leicester, I obtained leave once more to revisit my native land—this was on a fatal errand. I had learnt through the medium of an officious relation, that my beloved Matilda, the wife of my bosom, on whose affection and accomplishments my soul now dwells with rapture, had attached herself to a young man in the neighbourhood of my estate at Cuthullin, but that she had lately removed for the summer months to a small house and farm I possess within a mile or two of this abbey, and that here likewise she continued to receive the visits of the young stranger. Fired by representations such as these, and racked with cureless jealousy, I returned to England in disguise, and found the report of my relation the theme of common conversation in the country.

" It was on a fine summer's evening, that I reached the hamlet of Morven, and with a trembling hand and palpitating heart, knocked at my own door. The servant informed me that Matilda had walked towards the abbey: thither too I bent my steps, as the grey shades of evening had wrapt every object in uniform repose; I placed myself in one of the buttresses, and had not waited long, ere Matilda, my beautiful Matilda, appeared, leaning on the arm of the stranger. Rage, jealousy, madness, fired my soul; I rushed forward, and ere the youth could defend himself, my sword had reached his heart; Matilda rushed towards the murdered stranger, and falling on his body exclaimed—' My brother, my dear, dear, brother.' Had Hell opened its ponderous jaws, and all nature fallen in dissolution around me, I should have been calm to what I now felt. The very marrow froze in my bones, and I stood fixed to the ground an image of despair and guilt: meantime Matilda recovered, but the sudden surprize of seeing her husband, and the dreadful recollection of his being the murderer of her brother, closed her eyes for ever. Beneath that marble slab, they rest, my friend; and ere this (through the medium of my own lawless hand) I should have partaken of their grave, had not my beloved sister, my amiable and gentle Caroline, whom you have just seen, stepped in like a guardian angel, between her brother and destruction; every night on their tomb I offer prayers to the Almighty for their souls, and may my deeds be blotted from recollection for ever! such, Courtenay, is the history

history of my crimes and sufferings; my Caroline's harp lulls to repose the fever of a wounded spirit, and the workings of despair: but she is coming; I can discern the whiteness of her robe gliding down yonder aisle."

Caroline had been apprehensive that the tale would prove too affecting for her brother's spirits, and had followed with a view of checking the conversation. Edward beheld her as a being from the regions of the blest, and if he admired before the beauties of her person, he loved now the purity, goodness, and energy of her soul, and from that moment resolved if possible to secure an interest in a bosom so fraught with all that could exalt and decorate the lot of life. He was, however, now compelled, to take his leave, for the voices of his servants resounded his name through the walls of the ruins, and emboldened by numbers they may probably seek the cause of their former alarms in the abbey of Clunedale.

It may be necessary to add, that time and the soothing attentions of his beloved sister, at length restored to peace, and to the almost certain hope of pardon from the Deity, the hitherto agitated mind of Clifford—that time also saw the union of Caroline and Edward; and that with them at the hospitable mansion of the Courtenays, Clifford passed the remainder of his days.

HISTORY *of the* SETTLEMENT *of* SIERRE LEONE.

THE Sierre Leone company was instituted about one year before the commencement of the late war. Its capital was about 230,000l.

The general object of the founders of it was the introduction of civilization into Africa. The principal means proposed for effecting this end was the establishment of a secure factory at Sierra Leone, with a view to a new trade in produce, chiefly with the interior; but the reception into the settlement of near 1200 blacks, who had taken part with Great Britain in the American war, in consequence of a proclamation from the commander in chief, and who had petitioned the government to be removed from Nova Scotia on account of the coldness of the climate, gave a new character to the undertaking. The want of a sufficient power and authority to controul these colonists, has proved, as will hereafter be shewn, a principal hindrance to the progress of the settlement, and a chief cause of the disappointments of the company.

The Nova Scotia blacks landed at Sierre Leone in March, 1792. The rains commenced in the following May, and an almost universal sickness then taking place, no opportunity was

afforded to the colonists of cultivating their lands until the succeeding dry season.

The expence of an undertaking of such magnitude must in any case have been considerable. In the present instance that expence was so much increased by various unforeseen difficulties, experienced in the first two years, as to amount to more than 110,000l.

In February, 1793, the war broke out; which, as will hereafter be more particularly shewn, has proved one principal obstacle to the progress of the settlement.

It was the wish of the company to direct the labour of the colonists to cultivation on their own account; but most of them were at first indisposed to speculations of this sort; chusing rather to live in the town as long as they could by any means earn a subsistence there, than to engage in the work of cultivating the uncleared lots of land in the country.

The following circumstance has also hindered cultivation. The colonists drew lots for their lands. The lands of some, though fertile and contiguous to the town, fell into the hands of individuals who neglected to till them. These lands were forfeitable after a certain period; but the weakness of the government rendered them fearful of exercising their right of enforcing the forfeiture. The temper of the Nova Scotians was such from the first as to give a very extraordinary degree of trouble to the Government.

The company established a plantation on their own account, and a garden of experiment. The object of these was chiefly to provide plants and seeds, and to encourage cultivation in others. A botanist was retained for two years in the settlement. His report was favourable to the hopes of the company.

In 1794 an expedition was made to the interior by two of the company's servants, who travelled three hundred miles inland, as far as Teemboo, the capital of the Foulah kingdom; and in consequence a deputation of chiefs came from the king of that country to Sierra Leone, for the purpose of opening a trading communication with the company. The town of Teemboo has about eight thousand inhabitants, and another town near to it contains upwards of four thousand. The people of that part are far more civilized than those on the coast. The children learn to read and write Arabic.

A factory was in consequence established by the company in the higher part of a river leading to the Foulah country; but partly through disturbances which have arisen in that kingdom, and partly through other causes, no great intercourse with the interior has yet taken place.

Hopes were about this time entertained that some of the African chiefs might considerably enlarge their plans of cultivation, an interruption of the demand for slaves on the coast inducing

inducing some of them to employ their unsold slaves for a short time in cultivating the soil; but the revival of the slave-trade frustrated that expectation. About the same time a neighbouring slave-factory set on foot a cotton-plantation, by the medium of the labour of slaves, which is still continued.

In October, 1794, the colony was attacked and taken by a French squadron. All the moveable property of the company was either carried off or destroyed; several ships were captured; and every building belonging to the company was burnt. The company's loss on this occasion has been estimated at 52,000l.

This calamity, combined with the circumstances of expence already noticed, so greatly diminished the company's funds, as to lay them under a necessity of contracting their trade, and reducing considerably the scale of their establishment, which had been at all times so limited as scarcely to afford sufficient means of transacting the business, and attending to the various wants of an infant settlement. In consequence of this reduction, and of the sense of general insecurity produced by the war, and by the refractory tempers of the settlers, it now became more than usually difficult to induce a sufficient number of Europeans of good character, and of the requisite abilities, to undertake offices at Sierre Leone. A large portion indeed of that class of men who were most adapted for the company's service, were engaged in the army or navy, and these could not obtain leave of absence.

The trade of the company appears to have been successful, supposing it to have been burthened only with those charges which were strictly commercial, and to have been exempt from those very extraordinary losses by fire and French captures, which it has had to sustain.

The coast of Africa has been so peculiarly exposed during the war, as to make the expence of insuring cargoes very enormous, and in some cases it has been impossible to effect insurance at all. The company moreover have been obliged to send out armed vessels to Sierra Leone, and to detain them there for the sake of securing the settlement.

The company's expence in shipping has therefore been far greater than any commercial profits could be expected to compensate.

In the year 1798 the colony had made considerable progress, notwithstanding the powerful obstacles to its advancement, which shall hereafter be enumerated.

Freetown consisted of about 300 houses, laid out with regularity, and of many public buildings. One principal wharf had been erected by the company, and two others by individuals. The government-house, which stands on high ground, about one third of a mile distant from the water, and commands the

town

town and harbour, was protected by a palisade, and also by six pieces of cannon.

The inhabitants of the colony were about 1200. The heads of families were about 300. Of these about one half were supported by their farms, many were mechanics, about 15 were retail shopkeepers, 20 or 25 followed the business of fishing, 10 or 15 traded in small vessels of their own, 4 were employed as schoolmasters, 12 or fifteen as seamen, and about 20 as labourers under the company. A few Nova Scotians resided among the natives, and a few acted as servants or mechanics at slave-factories. The number of Europeans residing in the colony was from 20 to 30.

At the period now spoken of, about 3 or 400 native labourers, called Grumettas, worked in the settlement for hire, chiefly on the farms, which were increasing rapidly; some in the service of Europeans, some in that of the Nova Scotians. These native labourers were freemen, who came from neighbouring parts. They received monthly wages, the whole of which was their own. It was usual for most of them to return home for a short time, after remaining five or six months in the colony; but the place of those who went was always supplied by a succession of other labourers.

These Grumettas improved greatly in their dress; and scarcely any part of the money which they earned was expended in the purchase of spirits; to the use of which both the Africans in general and many of the settlers are much addicted.

Freetown was at this time a place of considerable resort. It is estimated that from one to two hundred natives visited the settlement every day for the sake chiefly of exchanging articles of African produce for British manufactures. Many of these natives came in canoes, some of them from a distance of eighty or one hundred miles. The intercourse, however, from these more distant parts was exceedingly discouraged and interrupted by the general insecurity of the African coast, the natives not being able to put into an intermediate creek, on the occasion of any stress of weather, without imminent hazard of being seized and sold for slaves. Numerous instances have occurred of the seizure of canoes coming to the colony, and of the sale of the natives found in them. The company's government had also succeeded in some degree in extending its influence among the natives, whose confidence was strongly indicated by many circumstances, but particularly by the readiness with which they sent some of their children to the colony, and even to this country, for education.

The Nova Scotians, as has been already observed, began in an early period of the settlement to manifest a great spirit of turbulence and insubordination; and a party of them had on

one

one occasion made an attempt on the life of the governor. This spirit received a considerable check by the defeat of the attempt; but it again revived, and continued to increase so rapidly, as to threaten the overthrow of the colony.

The directors, anxious to repress the growing evil, obtained from the crown, in the year 1800, a charter of justice; and a captain of one of his majesty's ships of war was charged with the delivery of it. Directions were also given that a small force should be detached from Goree, for the purpose of being stationed in the colony of Sierra Leone; and the commandant of Goree received instructions to extend such farther assistance as might be asked by the governor of Sierra Leone, and could properly be afforded to the colony.

The sum of 7000l. being a part of of 20,000l. voted in parliament for African forts, was granted to the company, for the erection of a fort; and an expectation was given of a further sum of 8000l. for the same purpose. 10,000l. was about the same time received from government as a partial indemnification for the expence to which the company had been put in settling the Nova Scotians. 4000l. was also voted for the support of the civil government of the colony.

The directors of the Sierre Leone company about this time undertook to take the Maroons under their protection. They at first expressed a wish to decline receiving them, chiefly in consequence of their experience of the difficulty of governing the Nova Scotians. They were led to give their consent to a proposition made to them by the duke of Portland on this subject, partly by an inclination to comply with the wishes of government; partly by an idea that the Maroons might form some counterpoise to the Nova Scotians (for which reason the directors were very desirous of planting them in a somewhat distant town); partly by an opinion that the Maroons and their children, if placed under the company's care, would have a better chance of civilization than if landed, as they were otherwise likely to be, in some part of Africa which was independent of the company.

The directors were promised payment of the actual expence incurred in settling them in Africa; and they meant afterwards to propose that some increase of the sum annually voted in parliament should be made in consideration of the government being exempted from future expence on this account.

The Maroons arrived in October, 1800, and assisted in quelling an insurrection among the Nova Scotians, who, understanding that means were about to be taken for establishing the company's authority, had endeavoured to possess themselves of the government. Several of the insurgents were killed in this conflict; many were taken and tried, of whom three were executed,

cuted, and several were banished. Some of the ringleaders escaped among the natives.

The governor and council employed their new power and authority in introducing a system of order, and were beginning to witness the happy effects of it: when a sudden and unexpected blow was aimed at the very existence of the settlement by some native chiefs in the neighbourhood, who had previously evinced no hostile intentions, nor alledged any cause of complaint against the colony. About day-break on the morning of the 18th November last, a body of natives, headed by two of the Nova Scotia insurgents, who had effected their escape after the insurrection of the former year, made an assault on the unfinished fort in which the government-house was situated. After some loss of men had been sustained on both sides, the assailants were repulsed; and they have since been forced to withdraw from the situation they occupied in the immediate neighbourhood of the colony. A truce had been concluded when the last accounts came away; but it was conceived that the chiefs engaged in the attack, who were entirely of the Timmaney nation, were endeavouring to gain over people of other nations to their cause, by exciting among them an apprehension of the consequences of the growing power of the Sierre Leone settlement.

About sixty-five additional British troops had arrived from Goree, and one of his majesty's ships of war remained in Sierra Leone river, for the purpose of protecting the colony. Some friendly chiefs had sent a large force to Freetown; but the government, unwilling to burthen itself with the expence of maintaining them, and not wishing to employ in its defence allies of this description, unless there should be a strong necessity for it, had allowed them to return home.

No immediate danger to the settlement was apprehended; but a necessity is stated to exist for the maintenance of an European force, for the completion also of the fort, and for the enlargement of the annual expences of the company's establishment. The sum of 4000l. per annum, which has been already twice voted in parliament, has been far from sufficient to supply the whole annual expence of protecting and maintaining the settlement.

AN ANECDOTE.

LORD HOWE used to tell of one of his tars, a brave fellow, but a little too fond of a can of grog, who never omitted to repeat the following prayer every night, as he went to hammock:—"I never murdered any man, nor no man ever murdered me; then God bless all mankind. Amen."

An ANECDOTE.

FEW circumstances occur more remarkable than those relating to the following poetic effusion, written on the translation of the late Dr. John Moore from the deanery of Canterbury to the see of Bangor, in the year 1775.

A Word of Comfort from Bangor to Canterbury on the Loss of her Dean.

CEASE, Canterbury, to deplore,
The loss of your accomplished Moore,
Repining at my gain;
I soon may have most cause to mourn:
To *you* he'll probably return,
With *me* will scarce remain.

Now, in 1783, Dr. Moore was made archbishop of Canterbury, which preferment he held to the day of his decease, the 18th of January, 1805. It is seldom that the prophecies of poets are so satisfactorily accomplished.

On DISCONTENT.

THERE are many worthy people who seem to imagine that there is something hateful, if not absolutely sinful in mirth; that to be chearful, would betray an unpardonable levity of heart; and that as to laughter, it was an offence against the dignity of rational beings, productive only of such a disarrangement as distorted "the human face divine. What person of common sense would refuse to commiserate this forlorn class of our fellow-creatures? How have I seen them sit, painfully composed, eternally descanting on the fatality of sublunary good, or only satisfied if their sagacity could detect errors where none had been thought before to have existed!

If they are religionists, you have nothing but complaints of the indifference or infidelity of Christians; if they are engaged in business, trade is daily on the decline: if they are politicians, the nation is on the brink of a precipice from which no exertion can rescue it. They appear to deport themselves as if it were treason against providence to enjoy and acknowledge the common benefits of human existence! Any age, they pronounce, must have been preferable to the age in which they find themselves, any count y wouldbe more eligible than the nation of which they form a part, any generation more estimable than the one with which they have the misfortune to co-operate.

Charity, however, may allow some indulgence to this race of malcontents, as truth cannot be learnt from misrepresentation.

Answer, by W. Cross, of Bristol, to R. Perring's Charade, inserted April 21.

BAG-PIPES will, I think, reveal
The things you labour'd to conceal.

☞ We have received similar answers from W. D. of Bristol; W. Mann, of Ashburton; and Rusticus, of Awliscombe.

Answer, by W. Cross, of Bristol, to R. Trewavas's Charade, inserted May 5.

MAIN-SHEET, Sir, I've brought to view,
Which make your charade—so adieu!

† Similar answers have been received from W. D. of Bristol; W. Bickham, of Ashburton; J. Badcock; and W. D. C. of Bridgewater.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to W. Mann's Anagram, inserted May 5.

THE two bright orbs, transpos'd aright,
King SOLOMON is brought to sight.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; W. Cross, of Bristol; Thomas Coombs, St. German's; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; H. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; T Scadding, of Wellington; S. L. of Sidmouth; J. Fairweather, Batson, near Kingsbridge; John Whittle, of Upway; and J Salter, of Broadhembury; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; W. D C. of Bridgewater; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; M. Duncan, jun. of Plymouth; and S. C. Moore, of Horswell House.

A CHARADE, *by J. Matthews, of Dartmouth.*

MY first is swimming in the sea,
Bring it to sight, and shew it me;
My second is in buildings found,
Which you, no doubt, will soon expound:
Connect these parts, in order true,
A town in Kent then comes in view.

A REBUS, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Ashburton.*

A Letter of a city change,
And join it with a pain,
Think not the metamorphis strange,
A virtue 'twill explain.

CHARADE.

WHEN Phœbus quits the western sky,
And solemn, gloomy night draws nigh;
My first appears in yonder plain,
An animal that you'll explain.
Then search the tranquil ball all o'er,
My next, a male, you will explore,
Wishing to be where pleasures dwell,
And bid the joyless world farewell.
Combine my whole aright, declare
Where first I drew the vital air.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A BRITON *to* BONAPARTE.

RULER of France! while yet thy savage band
Delay their course to England's envied land;
Ere rapine spreads her baleful wing, to sweep
The path of robbers o'er the circling deep;
Pause yet awhile, and listen to the wave,
That howls expectant o'er invasion's grave:
And look where freedom in the tempest's hour,
Smiles at thy malice, and defies thy power!
Thou only hear'st the strains thy minions raise—
The *slave*'s false tribute to a *master*'s praise;
Thou only see'st, in fancy's sanguine dream,
Thy legion's triumph, and thy standards gleam.
I hear the *death-song*, and the spirit cry,
"Ambition tremble! for thine hour is nigh;"
I see thy laurels fade, thy glory mourn,
Thy legions vanquish'd, and thy standards torn;
And hear, instead of conquest's echoing cry,
The last cold shiver, and the palsied sigh!

Thou conquer Britain? By the blood that flows
In each brave breast, in every patriot glows;
True from our sires, in circling warmth imparts
The pulse of freedom panting in our hearts;
And by those sires, whose hov'ring spirits still
Watch from Britannia's shores the approach of ill—
Their guardian shades shall never start to see
Their sons degen'rate, bow the neck to thee!
No! for when wand'ring in the lonely hour
Indignant pray'rs the sons of freedom pour;
They see those forms, whose deeds as life are dear,
They mark, 'mid rolling mists, the vengeful spear;
They see their fathers in the shadowy sky,
And swear by them to conquer or to die!

Think'st thou, vain tyrant! that my country boasts
No equal warriors to thy vaunted hosts?
Or does thy pride, presumptuous! bid thee fear
No stroke of ruin in Britannia's spear?
Come! with thy thousands! come! thy millions bring—
Thou'lt find us rallied round our aged king.

SLAVERY IS DEATH, AND LIBERTY IS LIFE!

Pause then, invader! while thou *canst* remain
Despotic ruler of a servile train;
Securely there, amid the *veil of night*,
Act deeds that shun both honour and the light;
There let ambition's altar stream with blood,
And patriots fall, to swell the guilty flood;
But tempt not Britain, for destruction there,
Awaits to give thy triumphs to despair!
Her guardian lion rouses to the war,
His roar indignant echoes from afar;

Stern

Stern vengeance flashes from his angry eyes,
Like heaven's dread lightning, as to fight he flies.
And then, when stretch'd upon a foreign land,
Power's bloody sceptre quits thy feeble hand;
When death's cold grasp shall still thy restless eye,
And mercy hurl thy spirit from her sky;
No mourning friend around thy trophy'd tomb
Shall bid fresh offerings to thy memory bloom;
But frowning spectres on their clouds shall roll,
And curses be the requiem of thy soul!
While we, who fighting in a nobler cause,
Defend our country, liberty, and laws,
Shall feel in death our hearts exultant swell,
As conscience whispers we have acted well.
Virtue will mourn where freedom's warriors sleep,
And beauty wander, on their tombs to weep;
While the firm pride of every heart shall be,
Our country is, and ever will be free.

R. G. *of Bristol.*

TO THE CUCKOO.

By Mr. LOGAN.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs the rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers;
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wand'ring thro' the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale;
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Lines addressed to an unemployed Barrister at Law.

IF to reward them for their various evil,
All lawyers go hereafter to the devil,
So little mischief dost thou from the *laws*,
Thou'lt surely go below *without a cause*.